

# In Play Land





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IN PLAY LAND

Eleanor G. Rice

Oct. 9. 1918

From  
Grandma.









LONDON BRIDGE

# IN PLAY LAND

COMPILED BY  
FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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GIFT

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[ W · D · O ]  
NORWOOD · MASS · U · S · A



## W O R K

*Work, when done by willing fingers,  
Makes the dullest hours slip by.  
Not a listless moment lingers,  
There's no time to fret or cry.*

*Work and sing and then for playtime —  
That's the way to spend the daytime!*

*When our work is finished duly,  
Then we'll laugh and skip and run,  
Happy just because we truly  
Know we've earned our right to fun.*

*Work and sing and then for playtime —  
That's the way to spend the daytime!*



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*Outdoor Playfellows and Indoor  
Tasks*



# *In Play Land*

## MAY-TIME

SING a song of May-time,  
And picnics in the park.  
Such a happy playtime!  
Birds are singing — hark!  
Bluebird calls to bluebird,  
Robins chirp between,  
And little lads and lasses  
Are dancing on the green.

Marigolds are golden  
All along the brooks.  
Violets are peeping  
In the shady nooks.  
Out into the fields now!  
Choose your happy queen;  
For all the lads and lasses  
Are dancing on the green.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## MAKING BELIEVE

PATTIE RAYMOND was the richest little girl in the whole country. The parties she gave were really wonderful. She had a beautiful banqueting-room, all one side of which was open to the sea. The walls were higher than any church and the painting on the ceiling more glorious than anything a great painter ever did. There was a very old and beautiful table in the center of this room, and the dishes Pattie used were made by the greatest of all artists.

Pattie's guests were beautifully dressed. In the spring the ladies wore yellow and the men green. Later, the ladies dressed in rose color while the men were in dark green. Later still, say in August, the ladies wore pale pink and the men pale green.

It was a beautiful sight to see a thousand guests (Pattie often had more than a thousand) all dressed in delicate colors, fluttering and nodding and smiling under the blue roof, with the great sea stretched out before

them, and Pattie moving among them like a little queen.

Now let me whisper a secret. Any little girl who knows how to make believe is just as rich as Pattie was. For listen! Pattie's banqueting-room was her grandmother's back pasture. The table was a splendid big rock. The dishes were shells from the shore. The ceiling of the room was the great dome of the sky.

The guests were — well, in the spring they were buttercups and various green things; in the summer they were wild roses and sweet fern; later, the guests that flocked to the old pasture were the lovely pink hardhack and pale green mullein stalks.

Truly, Pattie was not only the richest, but she was the happiest little girl in the whole countryside.

FRANCES J. DELANO.

## HORSEBACK

**R**IGHT by our brook is a lovely place,  
Where the saplings bow and bend,  
And every tree is a fairy horse,  
Which the fairy queen will lend,  
If you know just how to pretend.  
Oh, how I wish for each Friday night,  
When tomorrow is Saturday,  
And I can finish my work, and then  
Go down by the brook to play,  
Where the fairy horses stay!

ANNE SCHÜTZE.

## HAYING-TIME

**I**N haying-time my grandpa says I'm lots  
of use to him.

I take my nice new wheelbarrow and fill  
it to the brim.

The big team comes out, too, and takes  
the hay-cocks one by one,

And that and my new wheelbarrow soon get  
the haying done.

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

## TOYS AND SEASONS

THE hoops and the marbles, the long  
winter through,  
Had slept in the garret, with nothing  
to do.

The sleds were out sliding, the bright skates  
were gliding,  
While poor hoops and marbles were hidden  
away,  
Waiting and waiting for some one to play.

Spring sun and spring winds carried off all  
the snow.

There was mud for our pies; there were  
pebbles to throw;

There were kites for our flying, wee boats  
for our trying;

The birds were all singing in garden and lane;  
And the hoops and the marbles were with  
us again.

The skates and the sleds have all vanished  
from sight —



Gone to rest, I suppose; I should think that  
they might.

No time for condoling when gay hoops are  
rolling,

But isn't it really a singular thing

The hoops and the marbles should know  
when it's spring?

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## A PUZZLING THING

**E**IGHT of us went to a party —  
The nicest ever given.  
There was apple fluff, and frosted  
stuff,  
And cake and candy and fruit enough,  
But seats for only seven!

Eight of us hurried homeward  
After the happy treat,  
With run and bound; yet there were found  
Only the tracks on the dusty ground  
Of seven pairs of feet!

Eight of us got back safely,  
And seven told with glee  
Of all we'd done, and the feast and the fun —  
But one of us was a silent one.  
Now, which can that one be?

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## WINIFRED'S LONG JOURNEY

**W**INIFRED was seven years old and proud of her age. If she had been six, she would have cried when Uncle Tom and her two brothers went away that June morning to meet father — at least, so she told mother.

Winifred's home was in Redlands in southern California. Father had been in Alaska three months. During that time the little girl had grown so fast she wondered if her father would surely know her. She was only six years old when he went away.

The three children were asleep the night before when mother told uncle Tom that Winifred was too young to go with him and the boys to Los Angeles to meet her father.

"You see," mother reasoned, "it is really a long journey for such a little girl, and the train from San Francisco may be hours late."

Half an hour after Uncle Tom and the boys had gone, mother saw a funny sight.

Winifred was trailing through the yard with Aunt Carolyn's garden hat tied on with a veil. Mother's blue gingham kitchen apron was her long gown that would have dragged had not the little lady lifted it with a stylish air. In her free hand Winifred carried her mother's brown leather bag.

"Evidently traveling," mother said aloud.

The next moment an extremely polite individual crossed the lawn and paused in front of the open window.

"Pardon me, but are you the ticket agent?" demanded the little lady.

"Why, yes, madam," was mother's instant reply. She was accustomed to change into different characters at a moment's notice. "What can I do for you?"

"You may sell me one grown-up ticket and ten children's tickets for Los Angeles."

"You mean, madam, one full fare and ten half fares?"

"Yes'm — madam — sir, if you please. And when does the next train come?"

"The Overland is due in five minutes," replied the station agent. "You'll have time to check your baggage."

"No baggage to check, I thank you, sir.

I am expecting my father from San Francisco on the afternoon train, and we are going to Los Angeles to meet him. I hope the brakeman will help me get on the train with all my children. I left them sitting on the platform."

Mother took the hint and straightway became brakeman. She smiled a little too broadly to suit Winifred's dignity, however, when she saw the waiting family on the platform. There were the nine dolls and Shep, the big dog, in a row on the steps of the front veranda. Across the path to the front gate were three orange boxes. The train had arrived.

"Shep is my biggest boy," the little lady explained, just as the conductor called, "All aboard!" and the brakeman had handed up the Japanese baby to its smiling mother. "He is the only one I ever had any trouble with. The front seat, Shep! Sit down, sir! We are going on a long journey. Down, sir!"

Shep sat down so hard in front of an orange box that he tipped it over and the brakeman had to straighten it.

"Your son, madam, seems a bit unruly," ventured the brakeman.

"He is a little clumsy," madam replied, "because he has grown so fast. He is very big for his age. Sit down, sir!"

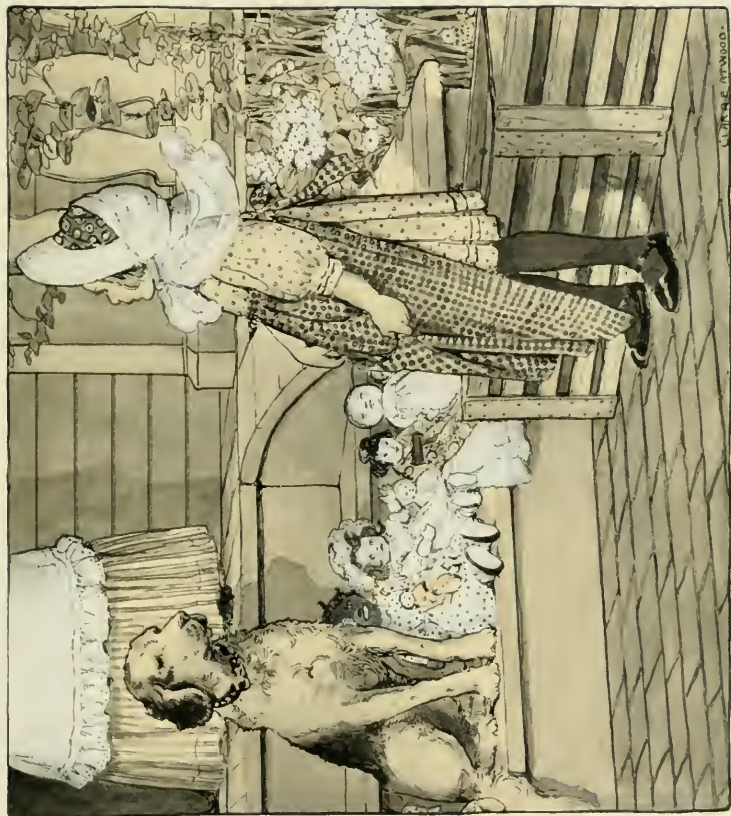
Mother retreated with her sewing to the veranda, where she could watch the Overland speed through the country. At last it was evident that the train was pulling into Los Angeles. Madam put on the children's hats, wiped their faces with her handkerchief, straightened her own garments, and seized the traveling-bag.

Suddenly Shep became restless. He had been a well-behaved son during the entire journey.

"Down, sir, down!" commanded his anxious mother. "We are not going to get off at a crossing. We are going into Arcade Station."

Shep appeared to be listening, not to madam, but to distant footsteps. He looked at Mrs. Winifred, to be sure, and then gave a long, joyful howl that might have astonished passengers on the Overland.

"Now we're there!" declared the little lady. She either had to suddenly arrive in Los Angeles or admit that her only son had bounded through the window of the Over-



*THERE were the nine dolls and  
Shep, the big dog*





land. Shep jumped from the train and began barking and leaping like a crazy "biggest boy," as he flew to the gate.

The gate opened and the next thing mother knew, madam's nine children were sprawling in the dust, and madam, gingham traveling-gown and all, was in her father's arms.

This was the end of Winifred's long journey and the end of the story, except that father telegraphed Uncle Tom he had arrived on the morning train instead of the afternoon train from San Francisco.

FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

## A VOYAGE

SHE rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea,  
with a really-truly oar,  
Out of a really-truly boat, and what  
could you ask for more?

Her sea and her boat were make-believe,  
but the daisy waves dashed high,  
And 'twas pleasant to know if the boat went  
down that her frock would still be dry.

She rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea, with  
a really-truly oar,  
Past the perilous garden gate where the  
fierce white breakers roar,  
Past the rocks where the mermaids sing as  
they comb their golden hair,  
Past an iceberg grim and tall, and a great,  
white polar bear.

She rowed 'way out on the Daisy Sea, with  
a really-truly oar,  
Till she came to an island castle, where she  
brought her boat ashore.

She entered the castle boldly, and — wonderful sight to see! —

She had rowed straight home to the dining-room and the table spread for tea.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## WORK AND PLAY

**W**INNIE'S been berrying all the day,  
Happy at work that was really  
play.

She was a queen; the crown on her head  
Was her blue sunbonnet; the berries red  
That heaped her pails were rubies rare  
That a king might envy and long to wear;  
And the squirrels and birds beneath the firs  
Were the gentle, wordless courtiers  
Who seemed to know and to understand  
Why she strayed through the pleasant pas-  
ture-land.

And now that the sun is sinking down,  
Home she goes in her gingham gown.  
Happy at work that was really play,  
Winnie's been berrying all the day.

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

## ONE MILE TO TOYLAND



NE mile, one mile to Toyland!"  
Just s'pose, to your intense  
Astonishment, you found this sign  
Plain written on a fence.  
Just one short mile to Toyland,  
To happy girl and boy-land,  
Where one can play the livelong day!  
Now who will hurry hence?

There dollies grow on bushes,  
And wooden soldiers stand  
With frisky rocking-horses near,  
A brave and dauntless band;  
And whips and tops and whistles  
They grow as thick as thistles,  
And every kind of toy you find —  
A strange and magic land!

"Only a mile to Toyland!"  
How big your eyes would grow,  
And how you'd come and stand stock-still

To read it, in a row;  
Then, brother, girls, and maybe  
The puppy and the baby,  
You'd make that mile in little while,  
And find that land, I know!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## CHARLOTTE THE CONQUEROR

WHEN Charlotte is playing croquet  
It's really refreshing to see.  
She wins in the cheerfullest way,  
Or loses (but rarely!) with glee.  
She chooses the ball that is blue,  
And dashes straight into the fray.  
I want to be present — don't you? —  
When Charlotte is playing croquet.

And Charlotte is playing croquet  
From breakfast-time almost till tea.  
She coaxes us, "Please, won't you play?"  
And somehow, we always agree.  
Then oh, for the ball that is blue!  
What matter the tasks of the day?  
There's something important to do,  
For Charlotte is playing croquet!

When Charlotte is playing croquet,  
The neighbors come over to see,  
The grocer is tempted to stay,  
The butcher's boy gives advice free,

The doctor, forgetting his care,  
Will linger a bit on his way.  
There are partners enough and to spare,  
When Charlotte is playing croquet.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.



## VELOCIPED

I KNOW of a staid and sober horse  
That goes by a great, long name.  
The little ones like this trusty steed  
That always goes at a proper speed.  
They call him the good Velocipede,  
And he's never tired or lame.

Ah, he is the horse that gives you fun,  
And he is the horse you need!  
He's never balky, he eats no hay,  
He's ready to either go or stay,  
And never was known to run away —  
This good horse Velocipede.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S JOURNEY

MARY'S father called Mary his little make-believe girl, because she was always making believe things. One day when Mary was expecting to go to grandma's for a lovely visit, word came that Cousin Grace had the measles, and Mary must stay at home. It was a great disappointment, of course, and at first it seemed to Mary as if it could not possibly be true. When she knew it was true, she put her little hands over her eyes and cried very hard for almost a minute.

All of a sudden she thought of something she could make believe do. She could make believe visit grandma. The more Mary thought of it the nicer it seemed, and in a minute she was just as busy as a bee. She ran up-stairs and got the suit case and papa's bag and her own little bag and the shawl-strap. Then she planned what she would carry.

She got mamma to give her some cookies to take to grandpa. She put two oranges in a bag for Cousin Grace, and found a picture-book for Cousin Richard. She got some

chamois skin and sat down to make a spectacle wiper for grandma. It was almost night when the spectacle wiper was finished, and then Mary commenced to pack up.

What do you think papa saw when he came home that night? He saw Mary making believe going to grandma's house. She was sitting in a big chair with her coat and hat on. The suit case and papa's bag and her little bag and a shawl with the shawl-strap round it were down beside her chair. Inside the big bag were the spectacle wiper, the picture-book, the oranges, and some nice cookies. Mary was making believe she was in the cars, and they were going *whiz, whiz*, and she was looking out of the window for the first sight of grandma's house!

Papa laughed and laughed when he saw the little tableau, and he took Mary in his arms and kissed her a dozen times. Mary laughed, too, as happy as a lark, and she and papa talked about the visit all through dinner. Two weeks afterward Mary did make a real visit at grandma's house. So you see she had two visits — a lovely make-believe one and a lovely real one.

FRANCES J. DELANO.

## APPLE-TREE INN

**I**T stands by the roadside, cool-shuttered  
and high,  
With cordial welcome for all who pass  
by;  
And here's how you enter — you make a  
quick dash  
And scale the steep stair with a bound, in a  
flash.  
You cross the clean threshold and find you a  
chair.  
There's room for all comers and plenty to  
spare.  
You can rock, you can rest, happy lodging  
you win  
Who stop for an hour at Apple-tree Inn.

The walls and the roof and the ceiling are  
green,  
With rifts of light blue that are painted  
between.  
The seats are upholstered in brown and dark  
gray,

And yet, for it all, not a penny to pay.  
Then, when you are hungry, the table is  
spread

With fare that is dainty, delicious, and red.  
Oh, hurry and come if you never have been  
A guest in your travels at Apple-tree Inn!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## MAY DAY

(In England "the May" meant hawthorn, and these pretty blossoms were brought to the houses of friends, because people believed they brought good luck. The little song in the poem was really sung in England about three hundred years ago.)

WHEN good folk went a-Maying,  
And England still was young,  
They got up, oh, so early,  
To find the dew all pearly;  
And this was what they sung:

"We've been rambling all the night,  
And almost all the day,  
And now returnèd home again  
We have brought you back the May."

Robin Hood went a-Maying  
And all his merry band.  
Scarlet, Tuck, and Little John  
Through green Sherwood wandered on  
With hawthorn boughs in hand.

“We’ve been rambling all the night,  
And almost all the day,  
And now returnèd home again  
We have brought you back the May.”

But we just choose a May Queen,  
This time it’s sister Lou.  
We take the noon-time hours,  
And weave the sweetest flowers,  
But sing the same song, too:

“We’ve been rambling all the night,  
And almost all the day,  
And now returnèd home again  
We have brought you back the May.”

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

## PRETENDING

**W**E played we were lost in the wood,  
But home was just over the hill.  
With only one cooky for food,  
We played we were lost in the wood.  
We talked just as loud as we could,  
The world seemed so big and so still.  
We wished we had always been good,  
And we said in our hearts, "Now we will."

We gathered fresh grass for our bed,  
And then there was nothing to do.  
A robin flew over my head  
As we gathered fresh grass for our bed.  
"He'll cover us up," brother said,  
And then he began to boo-hoo,  
And home to our mother we fled,  
Or, really, I might have cried too.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.



## HER ANSWER

**I**T was an easy question and Margie thought  
it so,

An easy one to answer, as any one would  
know.

She smiled and smiled again as it hung upon  
the wall:

“In going to school what do you like the very  
best of all?”

Then grew a little sober as she began to write,  
With wrinkles on her forehead and lips a  
little tight.

She wrote her answer carefully, with look so  
grave and wise,

She minded all her capitals and dotted all  
her I's,

She crossed her T's precisely, she smiled a  
little more

At all the pleasant images the pleasant  
question bore

Of all the merry, laughing hours, and all  
the joyous play —

“The thing I like the best of all in school —  
a holiday.”

SIDNEY DAYRE.

## A TROUBLESOME DAUGHTER

**A**NGELICA SUE is the carelesslest  
child!  
The trouble she makes me is perfectly fearful.

I told her this morning, but she only smiled,  
And swung in her hammock, and looked  
just as cheerful.

I'm sure I should feel I had nothing to do,  
If some one adopted Angelica Sue.

It's always Angelica falls in the dust,  
Angelica's frock that gets torn on the fences,  
The other dolls sit as I tell them they must,  
But when she comes out, then the trouble  
commences.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,  
She's sure to be with me — Angelica Sue.

Oh, nobody knows how I work for that child!  
But once, when I spoke of her ways to my  
brother,

He said, and he looked at us both, and he smiled,

“Angelica Susan takes after her mother!”  
I’ve wondered since then if it really can be  
Angelica Sue is a little like me.

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## THE RACE

**A** CROSS the field and down the hill  
I ran a race with Cousin Will,  
And lost my shoe, I ran so fast,  
And that is why I came in last.

But Cousin Will would try once more  
Across the field down to the shore.  
This time all would have ended well,  
Only I stubbed my toe and fell.

And then we raced across the yard,  
And though I ran as swift and hard  
As Cousin Will, yet some way he  
Got to the place ahead of me.

Will says to lose is no disgrace,  
That trying really makes a race.  
'Twas trying, he says, made the fun,  
That all we wanted was the run.

ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

## A SLEEPY-HEAD TOP

**M**Y top is just the very best,  
But, my! it is the laziest.  
It sleeps, and sleeps, and sleeps all  
day,

And doesn't want to come and play.  
Then, when it spins, it sleeps the more.  
It stands up straight, but it *will* snore,  
Until it is so sound asleep  
It tumbles over in a heap.

SINCLAIR LEWIS.



*In the House on Stormy Days*





## A RAINY DAY PLAN

THE world's wet and stormy,  
The wind's in a rage.  
We are shut in the house

Like poor birds in a cage.  
There's a sigh in the chimney,  
A roar on the wall.

Good-by to "I Spy"  
And to swinging and all!  
But the child that complains  
Cannot better the day,  
So the harder it rains,  
Why, the harder we'll play!

There are tears on the window  
And sighs in the trees,  
But who's going to fret  
Over matters like these?  
If the sky's got to cry,  
Then it's better by half  
That the longer it weeps,  
Why, the louder we'll laugh!  
And look! I declare,

There's the sun coming out  
To see what on earth  
All the fun is about!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## POST-OFFICE

JEANNETTE and Margery were sewing for their dolls when mamma came in from her walk.

"I have just invited Mrs. Graham's little nephew to come over and play with you," said Mrs. Berry. "He will be here in a minute."

"O mamma! what made you ask him?" cried Jeannette. "Margery and I were going to have such a nice time this afternoon."

"Perhaps he will make it nicer," smiled Mrs. Berry.

"Oh, he won't!" pouted Jeannette. "He's so little he prob'ly won't know how to play anything much, and we shall have to amuse him."

"I am sorry if I have interfered with your plans," Mrs. Berry replied. "I was only thinking how lonely he looked. But make the best of it, dear, and try to give him a good time, even if you don't enjoy it yourself. There he comes."

"I guess I'll go home," said Margery, hastily folding up the doll's coat she had been making.

"Please stay!" Jeannette begged.

So Margery said, "All right, I will a little while," and settled back in her seat.

Chester Gray was a round-faced, big-eyed, laughing little lad, and did not look as small as he had seemed across the street.

"What would you like to play?" asked Jeannette politely.

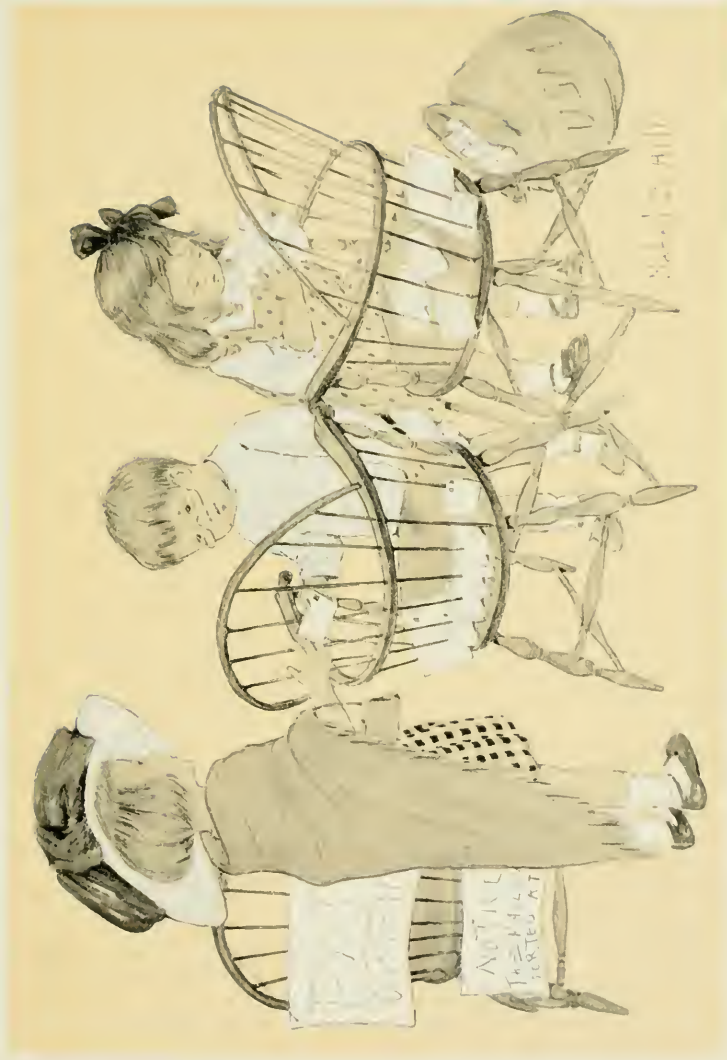
Chester glanced around the living-room, beaming on the old-fashioned chairs.

"You can play post-office beautifully, can't you?" he answered.

"Post-office?" repeated Jeannette. "I don't know how."

"Oh, then we will now!" declared Chester. "It's lots of fun."

And fun it was, to judge from the hours spent at the sport and the children's happy faces all the time. They took turns at being postmaster and in coming for mail. They tied up newspapers and magazines, which with mamma's old letters made the mail-bag — the old rag-bag — pretty full. The chairs, set in a row with seats to the office, were the



*THEY took turns in being postmaster  
and in coming for the mail*



distributing table for the mail, and when the letters and packages were placed between the sticks of the backs, the place looked quite like a post-office.

Jeannette watched her guests out of sight with happy eyes. "Post-office is a splendid play," she said, turning to mamma.

"Then you are not sorry, after all, that Chester came?"

"Why, no, mamma; I'm as glad as can be. I guess he knows more than Margery and I, if he is little. We never even heard of playing post-office."

EMMA C. DOWD.

## PICTURE-BOOK TIME

**W**HENEVER the rain-drops come  
pattering down,  
And the garden's too dripping for  
play,

Whenever poor nursie's determined to frown,  
Or mother dear's just gone away,  
Then up to the nursery book-shelves we  
climb,  
For trouble time's always a picture-book  
time!

When some one's been naughty, and some  
one is sad,

When the new walking bear will not go,  
When the kitten is lost or the puppy is bad,  
When Mary hates learning to sew,  
Then up to the nursery book-shelves we  
climb,  
For trouble time's always a picture-book time!

And there in the pictures the world seems so  
gay,



And everything always goes right.  
The gardens are sunny, the children at play,  
There's seldom a picture-book night.  
No wonder we love to sit cosily curled,  
Forgetting our woes in the picture-book  
world.

The dear, merry pages! we know them so  
well,

And when they are folded away,  
Our troubles have vanished as if by a spell,  
And nothing is wrong with the day.  
The nursery book-shelves are easy to climb,  
And no time is better than picture-book time!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## THE TOPSY-TURVY DOLL

**T**OPSY-TURVY came to me  
On our last year's Christmas tree.  
She is just the queerest doll,  
Much the strangest of them all.  
Now you see her, cheeks of red,  
Muslin cap upon her head,  
Bright blue eyes and golden hair,  
Never face more sweet and fair.  
Presto! change! She's black as night,  
Woolly hair all curling tight,  
Coal-black eyes, thick lips of red,  
Bright bandanna on her head.  
She's not two, as you'd suppose,  
When Topsy comes, Miss Turvy goes.  
Perhaps it's as it is with me.  
Sometimes another child there'll be,  
And mother says, "Where is my Flo?  
I wish that naughty girl would go."

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## THE MILKWEED POD THAT HELPED

IT was sweeping day and mother had found bits of milkweed down everywhere. "You really mustn't bring any more of the pods into the house, Grace," she said.

"They're so pretty," sighed Grace, "but the down does fly around lots." Then she asked wistfully, "Can't I have one pod if I keep it done up in a paper and put it away in a box?"

Her mother smiled. "Of course you may do that if you wish to," she said, "but what do you want it for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Grace, "but I'll know it's there." So she wrapped up the largest pod she could find and put it in a box in the playroom, and soon forgot all about it."

One afternoon there was a great chattering and laughing down-stairs, for Grace's Aunt Elsa was entertaining her Sunday-

school class of twelve merry, mischievous boys. A gentleman was to amuse them with his phonograph, but just after the boys arrived a message came saying he could not be there, and poor Aunt Elsa was greatly troubled.

"What can I do to entertain them?" she asked, after they had played all the games she could think of, but Grace's mother could not think of anything.

They were beginning to get noisy and restless when one of them happened to find, caught in a fold of the curtain, a bit of tiny milkweed down. A puff of his breath, and away it floated, with all the boys puffing and blowing to keep it going.

"If we had some more we could play the games we played at a picnic last summer," said one of the boys.

As he spoke Grace's eyes began to shine, and without a word she ran out of the room. In a minute she was back with the milkweed pod in her hand, which she had put away so long ago.


Then such fun as they had! Two of the boys, with hands behind them, had a contest to see which could keep one of the tiny bits

of down in the air the longest. Then all the boys stood in a row, and a little prize was given to the one who was the last to let his "feather" fall.

They played till time for the refreshments; and when they went home they all declared that they had had the finest kind of a time at the "milkweed party."

LOUISE M. OGLEVEE.

## THE QUIET CHILD

 F course I like a running game —  
To shout, and laugh, and rush pell-  
mell,  
And catch the rest; but all the same  
I like to hear my grandma tell  
Of the old time she loved so well,  
When she was a little girl.

My mother says I'm never still,  
That I run miles and miles a day;  
But when I run across the hill  
To grandma's house, an hour to stay,  
I sit *so* still, and hear her say,  
"When I was a little girl."

ANNE SCHÜTZE.

## MY HORSE

**I** GIVE my pony corn and hay,  
With oats to tempt him twice a week;  
I smooth and curry every day  
Until his coat is bright and sleek;  
At night he has a cosy stall;  
He does not seem to care at all.

I mount him often, hurriedly,  
And ride him fast and ride him far;  
With whip and spur I make him fly  
Along the road where robbers are;  
But when I've galloped madly home  
He is not wet or flecked with foam.

He does not plunge against the rein,  
Nor take a ditch nor clear a rail.  
He does not toss his flowing mane,  
He does not even switch his tail.  
Oh, well, he does his best, of course;  
He's nothing but a hobby-horse!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## TWO POCKETS

**T**HERE are two bulging pockets that  
I have in mind.  
Just listen and see if the owners  
you'll find.

In one — it's quite shocking — there's a  
round wad of gum,

A china doll's head and a half finished sum,  
A thimble, a handkerchief — sticky, I fear —  
A dolly's blue cap and some jackstones are  
here.

In the other are marbles and fishhooks and  
strings,

Some round shiny stones and a red top that  
sings,

A few apple cores and a tin full of bait,  
A big black jack-knife in a sad bladeless  
state.

And now I wonder how many can guess  
Which pocket Bob owns and which one does  
Bess?

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.



## MY DOLLY

THERE'S nothing so nice as dolly!  
She comforts me when I'm sad,  
She keeps me from getting lonely,  
She smiles at me when I'm glad.  
She's such a delightful playmate,  
And causes me so much joy,  
I wouldn't exchange her for all the toys  
That people give to a boy.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

## AUNT RUTH'S NEW SPELLING GAME

AUNT RUTH had been away on a month's visit, and was welcomed home with joy.

"Have you any new games?" asked Alice. "I know you have, by the way your eyes twinkle."

"I have learned a new spelling game," her aunt replied.

"Oh, can we try it tonight?" begged Norton.

"I am ready," she answered, "if the others are."

Carl and Bertha came over to Aunt Ruth's side, and she began explaining the game.

"It is a very easy game. All it needs is quick thought and a knowledge of spelling. I think of some word and spell it, but I must choose a word that has another word within it, and that I only pronounce. You will soon see how it goes. Here is one, G-e or g-e."

There was a moment's silence, and then Carl cried, "Oh, George! Why, that's good!"

"Yes; we had a good deal of fun with it at your Uncle Henry's," said Aunt Ruth. "It is your turn now, Carl, to give a word."

After a minute's pause, "C or n," he spelled.

Bertha was the first to say, "Corn," but she could not think of another word, so Aunt Ruth gave one.

"H and l-e," she spelled.

The four Chapins thought hard, but it was more puzzling than the others. Then Bertha cried, "Handle!"

"Of course!" Carl exclaimed, in a disgusted voice. "I don't see what there is about it that mixes us up so."

"There is where the fun of the game comes in," laughed Aunt Ruth. "Now, Bertha."

"M and a-t-e," Bertha spelled, and this word took a longer time than the others.

Carl guessed it and gave, "S hoe s," which Alice pronounced almost at once.

As a new word she gave, "B-e to k-e-n," and Aunt Ruth was the first to guess it.

"C love r," she said, and Carl followed with, "B-e-s to w."

Bertha guessed "bestow," and gave, "Q-u in c-e."

Then Aunt Ruth gave one containing two words, "H is to r-y," and Carl, "B is c-u it."

"Bed t-i me!" called father, across the room, which made everybody laugh.

"Bedtime!" shouted Norton. "That's the first one I've guessed."

EMMA C. DOWD.

## THE LITTLE BOOK PEOPLE

A T half past eight I say "good night"  
and snuggle up in bed.  
I'm never lonely, for it's then I  
hear the gentle tread  
Of all the tiny book people. They come to  
visit me,  
And lean above my pillow just as friendly as  
can be!  
Sometimes they cling against the wall or  
dance about in air.  
I never hear them speak a word, but I can  
see them there.  
When Cinderella comes she smiles with happy,  
loving eyes,  
And makes a funny nod at me when she the  
slipper tries.  
Dear Peter Pan flies in and out. I see his  
shadow, too,  
And often see his little house and all his  
pirate crew.  
I think they know I love them and that's  
why they come at night,

When other people do not know that they've  
slipped out of sight;  
But I have often been afraid that while they  
visit me  
Some other little boy, perhaps, may stay up  
after tea,  
And when he tries to find them on the pages  
of his book  
He cannot see them anywhere, though he  
may look and look!  
That's why I never stay awake nor keep  
them here too long.  
I go to sleep and let them all slip back where  
they belong.

EDNA A. FOSTER.

## AFTER SCHOOL

I'VE come to you again, my dear. There's  
no more school today.  
Let's cuddle down a little while before  
we go to play,  
And you shall tell me what you've done, and  
whether you've felt sad.  
I always hurry home because I know you'll  
be so glad.

I had a thought in school today — I quite  
forgot my book —  
I seemed to see you waiting, and how lonely  
you must look,  
And all the other children's dolls, ten thou-  
sand, I suppose,  
All sitting up so patiently, and turning out  
their toes.

And then when I was called upon to answer  
"four times four,"  
I failed, and teacher told me that I ought to  
study more.

She asked if I had done my best. I had to answer, "No'm."

I don't believe she leaves a little lonely doll at home!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.



## A GAME FOR THE FIRESIDE

THE family were gathered around the fireplace and were all enjoying the coziness and warmth.

"How nice it is to be here by the fire and hear the wind howl outside!" said Ethel.

"There's just one thing we need to make us perfectly comfortable," said Charlie, with a roguish glance at his elders.

"What is it?"

"Somebody to be telling us a story."

"Oh yes, a story! Let's have a story," cried Orrin and Betty, clapping their hands.

But mamma did not look so happy at the plan. She was the story-teller of the family.

"Oh, it takes so much nerve-force!" she said, with a little laugh that was meant to hide how tired she really was. Mothers have a good deal to do in winter days. "Don't ask me for one. Some of you children tell one."

"I'll tell you. Let's play a game to decide which shall tell it," said Orrin. "I'll show you a game."

He took a bit of pine wood from the kindling basket, and lit one end in the shining coals. Then he passed it to Ethel.

"Jack's alive," he said. "The fire at the end of the stick is Jack. Pass it around the circle as quick and as many times as you can. As long as a red spark is left at the end of the stick Jack's alive, and you are all right. But if the spark goes out in your hands, you are the one who must tell the story."

What fun it was! Orrin passed it so quickly that he never had to tell a story. Betty and Charlie and Ethel were all caught, and once they caught mamma, to their great delight. She was rested by this time, and her story lasted till the hour for bed.

"It's the jolliest game you could think of for such an evening around the fire," they said.

BERTHA E. BUSH.

## THE WOODEN HORSE

I 'M just a wooden horsy, and I work hard  
all the day  
At hauling blocks and dollies in my little  
painted dray.

Sometimes they feed me make-believe, some-  
times nothing at all,  
And sometimes I'm left standing on my head  
out in the hall.

I try to be most patient, but 'twas just the  
other day  
I got provoked with Teddy Bear and almost  
ran away.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## A RAINY SATURDAY

SOME children cry on a rainy day,  
And say, "What a shame! Now we  
can't play."

But at our house when the work is done,  
And the drops are pouring — oh, what fun! —  
My brothers shout,  
"Come out! Come out!  
Hurrah! it's a rainy day!"

I like to live on a rainy day.  
We run to the barn where they store the hay,  
And climb to the great, big, dim hay-mow,  
Where the misty shadows bend and bow,  
And each can do  
What he chooses to,  
All the long, long, rainy day.

The boys are explorers of great renown.  
They're digging a tunnel to China-town.  
I ride on the rafters strong and high —  
An air-ship speeding across the sky —

And we are free  
Till the call for tea  
Puts an end to the rainy day,  
Puts an end to the happy day.

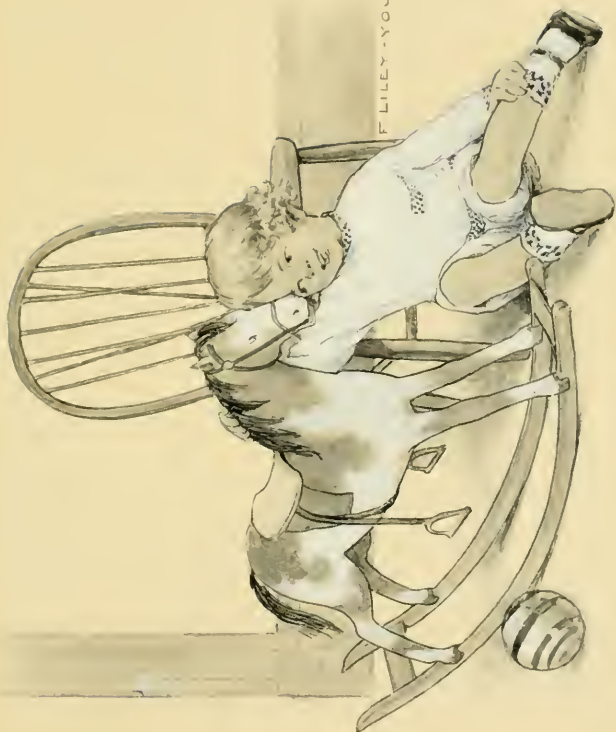
ANNE SCHÜTZE.

## THE BIRTHDAY ONES

I AM the birthday baby,  
And this is the birthday horse.  
They gave him to me because I was three  
And knew how to drive, of course.  
He's trotted and walked and galloped,  
And traveled the whole birthday;  
He's carried a load up the hilly road,  
And once he has run away.

I've fed him high in the stable,  
I've watered him at the trough,  
I've curried him down to a glossy brown,  
And taken his harness off.  
Now we are resting a little,  
Because there has got to be  
A long, stiff run before we're done,  
For the birthday horse and me!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.



*THE Birthday Ones*





## ACTING RHYMES

**A**LICE CHAPIN had been sick with grip and was still too weak to sit up much. Aunt Ruth came in and found her lying on the couch, looking lonely and discouraged.

"I wish I could get well, so I could play something," Alice said, mournfully.

"Wait a bit," Aunt Ruth answered. "I have something in mind."

She went out and closed the door.

When she came back she said, "You and I are to think of a word that has a good many rhymes. Then we will give one of the rhymes to the others, and — but you'll see! I wonder what word will be best."

"'Sweet' has plenty of rhymes," suggested Alice.

"Plenty," agreed her aunt. "Suppose we say it rhymes with 'fleet.'"

Aunt Ruth went to the door and called, "Our word rhymes with 'fleet'!"

Then she drew the curtains that separated

the living-room from the next, and wheeled the couch in front of them.

There was a bustle behind the curtains, and at a word Aunt Ruth pulled them aside.

Alice saw two rows of chairs facing one another, evidently representing a car or omnibus. Carl and Norton occupied two, and four dolls the rest. When Bertha appeared, looking for a place to sit, Carl jumped up, pointing to his chair with a great flourish.

"Oh, 'seat'!" cried Alice.

"No, the word is not 'seat.'"

The curtains went together, and there was much subdued chattering on the other side.

"This is fun!" whispered Alice, gleefully.

The next scene showed a table, around which sat the three. They were munching biscuits.

"It isn't 'eat,'" laughed Alice.

There were a good many trials before the right word was hit upon. Bertha and Carl appeared in street clothes and, coming from opposite sides of the room, met under the chandelier. The next scene was similar, only that they shook hands cordially. These words were "meet" and "greet." Then Norton

turned a somersault for "feat," and they all cried "*ba-a-a, ba-a-a, ba-a-a,*" which stood for "bleat."

They swept and dusted for "neat," and they lounged about, fanning vigorously and mopping their faces, for "heat." Once when the curtains were pushed apart Alice stared at a row of feet. They all laughed over this, and then they guessed the right word by appearing before the audience eating sugar, and their arms around one another's necks.

"We had the best of it — acting," declared Norton.

"I'm not so sure of that," returned Alice. "It is fun to wait and wonder what is coming next. It is about as nice as tableaux."

EMMA C. DOWD.

## THE TRIALS OF TRAVEL

BOOHOO, boohoo, boohoo, boohoo!  
My mother says I can't take Sue  
And Grace and Maud and Clarabel  
And Ruth and Beth and sweet Estelle,  
Unless I pack them with our things.  
Oh dear! oh dear! my heart it wrings  
To put them in that hot, dark place,  
With paper wrapped around each face.  
I'm sure they all would suffocate  
Or meet some other dreadful fate.  
I'd gladly take them on my arm  
And keep them safe from every harm,  
But mother says that that won't do;  
She draws the line at more than two.  
I'd like to know what she would say  
To sending *me* packed in a tray.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.



*TRIALS of Travel*



## BOOKS

**M**Y father's books are made of words,  
As long and hard as words can be,  
They look so very dull to me!  
No pictures there of beasts and birds,  
Of dear Miss Muffet eating curds,  
And things a child would like to see.

My books have pictures, large and small,  
Some brightly colored, some just plain,  
I look them through and through again.  
Friends from their pages seem to call,  
Jack climbs his bean-stalk thick and tall,  
I know he will not climb in vain.

Here comes Red-Riding-Hood, and here  
The Sleeping Beauty lies in state,  
The prince will come ere 'tis too late!  
And this is Cinderella dear.  
The godmother will soon appear  
And send her to her happy fate.

Oh, father's books are very wise,  
As wise as any books can be!  
Yet he wants stories, I can see;  
For really, it's a great surprise  
How many picture-books he buys,  
And reads the fairy tales to me!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.




## DOLLS

**C**URLY head, straight head, head like  
a ball,  
Japanese, sailor, girl and boy doll,  
Fingers gone, toes gone — lost in a fall —  
Brand-new or years old, she loves us all.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## LENTIL ARITHMETIC

N the last day of August, Juanita had fallen and hurt her knee, so that when school opened she was unable to walk.

"When I go back," she mourned, "they will put me in the first grade again. Bessie and May and Gertrude will be ahead of me."

Mamma tried to comfort her. "Perhaps you can catch up," she said.

In a few days Aunt Ruth came for a visit. Juanita could not remember her, but they were friends right away, and auntie heard about the little girl's trouble.

"If it weren't for numbers," Juanita said, "I shouldn't be afraid; but I can't learn numbers. I get all mixed up."

Pretty soon Aunt Ruth brought in a cup of uncooked lentils.

"How far can you count?" she asked.

"Up to twenty."

"Good! After you have played with these a few weeks, perhaps you will be able to count to one hundred."

Juanita sat up in her little wheel-chair and opened her eyes wide. "How do you play with lentils?" she questioned. "I never did."

"I have," said Aunt Ruth, and she placed mamma's light lap-board in the little girl's lap, and began arranging the lentils in rows. Then she asked her to count them.

"One," Juanita counted; "one, two; one, two, three; one, two, three, four."

There was just one more in each row, as she went down the board. The last row contained twenty of the little flat lentils.

Then Aunt Ruth taught her to add two lentils to one lentil, which made three, and two lentils to two lentils, which made four, and so on.

When she was tired of adding lentils together, the big board was turned into a schoolroom, with lentils for scholars. The darkest ones were the boys, the green ones the big girls, and the little pale ones were the youngest of all. She and Aunt Ruth had great fun with the lentil school.

In a few days Juanita learned how to subtract two lentils from five lentils, and seven lentils from twenty lentils, and so on.

What had bothered her before was fast becoming clear. Then after she had learned subtraction, she found out that multiplication was only a shorter way of addition. It was so very easy to learn it with the lentils. Later she divided six lentils into three groups of two lentils each, and discovered that she was dividing six by two.

"Why, I shall get ahead of Bessie and May and Gertrude!" she cried, gleefully. "I sha'n't have to be put back in the first grade!"

And when Aunt Ruth's visit came to an end, Juanita had gone in numbers so far beyond her class she had only to catch up in the other things which she learned easily.

"But numbers are easy now," said the little girl, "as easy as spelling."

EMMA C. DOWD.

## A WARNING

**R**EMEMBER, Susanna, I'm Dutch!  
They've dressed me all up for the  
fair.

You must go, for I love you so much,  
But take care how you speak to me there!  
My name will be Gretchen tonight,  
And if you're afraid you'll forget,  
Keep my cap and my apron in sight,  
They'll help you remember, my pet.

My shoes, as it's easy to see,  
Are built on a very Dutch plan,  
So when you speak English to me  
Just whisper as low as you can.  
You'll be good at the fair, dear, I know,  
Just listen and look and not touch;  
So now we're quite ready to go,  
And remember, Susanna, I'm Dutch!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## THE QUARREL

THE Wooden Dog and the China Cat  
Face to face in the doll-house sat,  
And they picked a quarrel that grew  
and grew,

Because they had nothing else to do.  
Said the dog, "I really would like to hear  
Why you never stir nor frisk nor purr,  
But sit like a mummy there."

Up spoke in a temper the china puss,  
Glad of an opening for a fuss:  
"Dear Mr. Puppy, I can't recall  
That I ever heard you bark at all.  
Your bark is a wooden bark, 'tis true,  
But as to that," said the China Cat,  
"My mew is a china mew."

So they bristled and quarreled, more and more,  
Till the baby came creeping across the floor.  
He took the cat by his whiskers frail,  
He grasped the dog by his wooden tail,  
And banged them together — and after that

Left them, a wiser Wooden Dog  
And a sadder China Cat.

Now, children, just between you and me,  
Don't you think in the future they will  
agree?

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## MY PLAYMATES

**W**HEN Willie comes to visit me  
We play menagerie.  
He says, "Pretend that you're a  
lamb,  
And I'll a lion be."  
Then he begins to growl and roar  
And make a dreadful noise.  
I don't mind much when he goes home;  
It's hard to play with boys.

When Julia comes to visit me  
I am her waiting maid,  
While she's a lady, grand and stern.  
Of her I'm 'most afraid.  
She sends me for my mother's hat,  
Then takes her nicest skirt,  
And trails it all around the house  
Until it's full of dirt.

When Alice comes to play with me  
She asks, "What shall we play?"  
I answer, "Anything you like."



She coaxes, "Do *please* say."  
Sometimes it's dolls, sometimes it's games,  
No matter what it be,  
I have the very nicest time  
When Alice plays with me.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## THE PEOPLE IN THE PINE-TREE

**H**ULLO there, Jimmy!" cried Robert, as he burst into Jimmy's room. "Mamma said I could stay a whole hour, 'cause we thought you'd be lonesome, having to stay in the house with a sprained ankle on such a nice day."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was just wishing I had somebody to talk to. I can't even see outdoors much, because the window's so high I can't see anything but the tops of the trees."

Robert gazed out of the window at the row of tall pine-trees, into which he and Jimmy had often climbed.

"Look, Jimmy!" he suddenly exclaimed. "See that funny man up there in the branches!"

"A man?" asked Jimmy, starting up and almost forgetting the lame ankle, in his surprise.

"Oh, not a real man, just a man out of pine-needles! See, right there!" and Robert



*A GAME of Hide-and-Seek*



pointed out among the topmost branches what looked like a man with his arms outstretched.

"Now I see it," cried Jimmy. "What a big, tall hat he has, and what a funny, long nose!"

Both boys laughed.

"Oh Robert, look at that lady over there, just opposite the man!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"I see," said Robert, after a moment. "Her hair's done up on top of her head, just like my mother's. Isn't she fine?"

A breeze was blowing outside, and the pine-tree rocked back and forth.

"They're bowing!" cried Robert. "They're bowing to each other. Aren't they polite?"

They watched the lady as she waved her arms, and bowed in such a funny way that they could not help laughing. Then the man made a bow to the lady again, and they both began to dance.

"Robert," said Jimmy, "please give me that pencil and paper on the table. I'm going to try to draw a picture of them."

Both boys tried, and it was great fun, even though, as Jimmy said, Robert's man didn't look any more like the man in the

tree than Robert himself did, and Jimmy's lady didn't look a bit like the tree lady.

Then they sat and watched the trees for some time, picking out other "people." Jimmy found a baby, and Robert found a man with a violin, and an old Mother Goose riding along on a monster gander.

"Why!" said Robert at last, looking at the clock, "I've stayed an hour already. I'm going to look in our tree when I get home, and see who lives there."

"And now," said Jimmy, "I've got company all the time, haven't I?"

NETTIE JOY ALLEN.

## THE STUDENTS


I SAY to Tommy every day,  
    "Now let us read awhile,"  
But Tommy doesn't like to read,  
He'd rather be a prancing steed,  
And have me drive him many a mile,  
    And often run away.

I like to do as grown folks do.  
Our house is full of books.  
My sisters gather every night  
About the cheery study light.  
I often think how wise it looks,  
    And wish I could stay, too.

So I coax Tommy every day  
    To read a little while.  
I know my M's and N's and P's  
And everything, 'way down to Z's.  
When Tommy reads I have to smile,  
    For Tommy just knows A!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## THE LITTLE PRINCE

NCE upon a time there was a little prince who lived in a very beautiful palace. The little prince had everything in the world to make him happy — a beautiful queen mother, and a stable full of ponies, and two or three automobiles, and, oh, such a wonderful playroom all full of toys!

There were trains, and boats, and electric toys, and hobby-horses, and books, and blocks, and balls. Why, you never could have counted the toys, because every toy that had ever been made was in the playroom of the little prince! But in spite of all this the little prince was not happy.

All day long he sat on a silk cushion and would not play. He would not even look at the beautiful playthings. The queen mother sent for the court physician, and the physician felt of the little prince's pulse, and he looked at the little prince's tongue. Then he shook his head and said:



"Your majesty, his royal highness is in a very bad way indeed. He is in want of a new toy, — a perfectly new toy."

The little prince nodded his head. Yes, that was certainly the trouble. He needed something new to play with.

The court messengers were immediately despatched to scour the country for a perfectly new toy. Now this was a most difficult errand. The little prince, you know, had already every toy that had ever been invented. The messengers traveled far and wide, but one after another they came home, empty-handed, until there was only one left to search.

One morning the last messenger returned. He had brought no toy, but he was leading a little ragged peasant boy, and he said to the queen mother, "Your majesty, there is not a new toy in the world, but I found this peasant child playing quite happily in the woods, and he had strange things with which to play. He brings them in his pockets."

So the peasant boy was taken into the playroom where the little prince sat, so ill, because he could think of nothing to do. The peasant boy looked around him at the

wonderful toys, and then he went up to the little prince.

"Should you like to see my soldiers, your highness?" he said.

Then he pulled from his pocket some pretty, brown, shiny pine-cones, and he stood them up in a row on the floor like so many soldiers.

"Now," said he, "we will shoot them all down."

So he took from another pocket a big red apple, and he rolled it at the soldiers. Bang! down they all went. The little prince jumped up.

"Oh, let me play with you!" he cried.

"Have you any spools or any sticks?" said the peasant boy. "We will build a fort for the soldiers."

The queen mother fetched all the spools from her sewing-room, while the court physician and all the courtiers cried, "The little prince is well! Knight the peasant boy!"

So they made the peasant boy a knight, and he and the little prince took all the beautiful toys down to the village and gave them to the other peasant children who had no toys.

Then they went home to the palace, and

they played happily together all the rest of their boyhood days with quite ordinary things, like spools, and cones, and sticks, and shiny pebbles, which are so much nicer than a great many toys.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

## THE BALL

CLOSE cuddled in my own two hands,  
My big round ball with yellow  
bands!

They've filled my playroom up with toys —  
Dolls, horses, things to make a noise,  
Engines that clatter on a track,  
And tip-carts that let down the back,  
Arks, just like Noah's, with two and two  
Of every animal he knew,  
Whole rows of houses built of blocks,  
A mouse that squeaks, a doll that talks;  
But when the Sleepy Man comes by,  
And I'm too tired to want to try  
To think of anything at all,  
Here's my old, dear old, rubber ball.

Close cuddled in my own two hands,  
My big round ball with yellow bands!

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

## THE DICTIONARY'S SONS

AUNT RUTH, we want a new game. Have you one for us?" Alice smiled coaxingly up into her aunt's face.

"Lessons all ready for tomorrow?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"Ours are," answered Carl. "Poor Norton is still at his spelling and definitions. It is 'reason' and 'season' and all those; but I guess he'll have them by the time we get down-stairs."

"You may call him now. I have a game that will help him to remember."

Off raced the trio in great glee, while Aunt Ruth fullowed more slowly.

"Do you know how many sons the dictionary has?" questioned Aunt Ruth when they were all seated.

"How many sons?" echoed Carl, puckering up his forehead.

"Yes. You gave two, rea-son and sea-son. Who can think of another? Give only the definition — not the word."

"Oh!" they chorused.

"Why, that'll be our lesson!" cried Alice.  
"Norton's and mine."

"So much the better. That is why I chose the sons for tonight," smiled Aunt Ruth.

"There's a son that's a preacher," said Alice.

"Can anybody guess?" asked Bertha.

Her aunt nodded. "That is parson."

"I know a colored son," said Carl.

"Crimson!" cried Alice. "Oh, this is fun!"

"I've just been learning a mean kind of son," said Norton, "one that isn't loyal."

"That is treason," said Alice.

"Which son guards a fort?" asked Aunt Ruth.

For a minute nobody could guess. Then Carl shouted, "Garrison!"

"There is a son that each one of us could answer to," said Aunt Ruth.

This seemed too hard.

"I will make it plainer. I mean a son that is simply a human being."

"Oh, a person!" exclaimed Bertha.

"I know a son that builds houses," said Norton.

"Mason," guessed Bertha.

"A son that gathers in wicked folks," cried Carl.

They scowled over this — all but Aunt Ruth. Finally she had to give it, "Prison."

"One son we eat," said she.

Alice guessed, "Damson."

"There's one dreadful son," said Norton.

This was left for Aunt Ruth — poison.

"There is another son we eat, which comes from the Adirondacks," said Aunt Ruth.

None of the children could guess that, until their aunt said, "We had it for dinner a week ago."

"Oh, venison!" shouted Carl.

"There are a good many sons that are not in our lesson," said Alice, and then she giggled.

"There are plenty of one kind of sons in school," she added gleefully.

"Lessons," laughed Bertha.

"It is so near bedtime," said Aunt Ruth, "I think I shall have to give you my son that is a blessing."

For several minutes they thought hard.

Then Bertha said softly, "Benison."

EMMA C. DOWD.

## POOR OLD BOOKS

THE poor old books that nobody reads,  
How lonely their days must be!  
They stand up high on the dusty  
shelves,

Waiting and wishing, beside themselves, —  
And nobody cares but me.

They have no pictures, they are no good,  
But I'd read them through, if I only could.

The poor old books! They are fat and dull,  
Their covers are dark and queer;  
But every time I push the door,  
And patter across the library floor,  
They seem to cry, "Here, oh here!"  
And I feel so sad for their lonely looks  
That I hate to take down my picture-books.

The nice new books on the lower shelves  
Are giddy in gold and red;  
And they are happy and proud and gay,  
For somebody reads in them every day,  
And carries them up to bed.  
But when I am big I'm going to read  
The books that nobody else will heed.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.



## TOYS

**T**OYS have a bedtime, too.  
Oh, but it's really true!  
This is what you should do, —

Just as the sun sinks low,  
Off to bed make them go,  
Laid in a tidy row.

There let them rest all night,  
Sleep until morning light,  
Then wake when day shines bright.

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

## THE BATH

**I**T always has seemed queer to me,  
When I give Bess a bath  
In our big, shiny, new, white tub,  
She shorter grows by half.

But when I take her out again  
She hasn't changed at all.  
If you have doubts of what I say,  
Just try it with your doll!

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## TANGLES

THE little cousin had long golden-brown curls that were pretty to look at but dreadful to comb, for they would get so full of tangles, in spite of all that she could do. Every morning when the tangles had to be combed out, it seemed to the little cousin as though all of the hair would surely be pulled out, although her mother tried to be very careful.

One day, just as it was time for the curls to be attended to, the big cousin came in. The little cousin thought that there was no one quite so nice as the big cousin, so when she said, "Oh, let me brush the curls today!" the little girl was quite willing.

So the big cousin drew off her gloves and took off her hat and sat down in the chair by the window and began brushing the long brown hair.

Presently she cried, "Oh, what a big tangle! We'll call him the grandfather and we must banish him right away. There,

now, he is gone and we must see if we can find the grandmother."

The next tangle was a tiny one, which they decided must be the baby. Then they found the father and the mother and some brothers and sisters and cousins, and in a little while the big real cousin said, "There! The last one of the tangle family is banished!"

"Why, are you through?" cried the little cousin. "It didn't hurt a bit this time, because it was all a play and was just fun."

After that the little cousin and her mother played at banishing the tangle family every day until she was old enough to brush her own hair, and then she told the story to other little girls who had curls and tangles, and they always did just what she had done — they grew so much interested in the tangle family that they forgot how badly the real tangles hurt.

LOUISE M. OGLEVEE.

## THE DREAM SHIP

THE four children were going to bed — not that they wanted to go, for somehow, no matter how sleepy they were, they never were ready to go when the hands of the old grandfather clock pointed to the bedtime hour.

Now, to help nurse have less trouble with the three younger children, Alice, the oldest of the four, used to make up stories and games which made going to bed seem real fun.

On this evening they thought the bedtime hour came far too soon.

“Grandfather Clock is just mean!” said Mildred. “He hurried his hands around as fast as he could so as to make us go to bed sooner.”

“Bad old Grandfather Clock!” said Tommy.

“Naughty old Grandpa Clock!” said little May.

Alice heard mother call them and saw that nurse was coming. She saw, too, that Tommy

was getting ready to cry, and knew that if he cried the others would. So she quickly whispered something to the three little ones, and instead of crying they began to laugh, and went with Alice and nurse without a word. Mother and father wondered what made them go so gladly, for they, too, had seen the tears ready to fall.

They were still wondering when, a few minutes later, down the stairs came the children to say good night, the three little ones all ready for bed.

"Why, what is this?" asked father, as he saw a bag in each child's hand.

"We are going sailing with Grandfather Clock," said Mildred. "Alice says so."

"Yes," said Tommy, "in the ship that sails and sails and never stops," and he pointed to the clock.

There, at the top of Grandfather Clock's face, was a painted ship on a painted sea, and when the pendulum ticked one way the ship sailed one way, and when the pendulum ticked the other way the ship sailed back again.

"Doin' a-sailin'," said little May.

"This is our baggage," said Tommy.

Alice had made a little bag for each child out of a handkerchief, by taking up the four corners and putting a rubber strap over to hold them together. In Mildred's bag was a small doll, in Tommy's a top, in little May's a rubber ball, and in her own jackstones.

"The ship takes us as soon as we get to sleep," said Mildred.

They said good night and ran to bed.

Long after they were gone old Grandfather Clock out in the hall said, "Tick-tick, tick-tick!" and at the top of his face there sailed and sailed without stopping a painted ship on a painted sea.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

## THE APPLE FAMILY

**H**ERE is the apple family.  
They're just as jolly as can be.  
First comes the father of the brood.  
He's always in a merry mood.  
He wears a coat of shiny green,  
Where pin-pricked buttons may be seen.

Now Mother Apple is more fair.  
She boasts of golden, corn-silk hair.  
Her dress is made of maple leaves,  
A sash it has and flowing sleeves.  
The oldest of the jolly crew  
Has rosy cheeks. Her name is Sue.

She also has long corn-silk hair  
And on her face a steadfast stare.  
That apple dollies love bright green  
From Susie's dress may well be seen.  
The next in order come the twins,  
Alike as any pair of pins.

Each has a sturdy pair of legs —  
In fact, they are just wooden pegs.



Their names are Benjamin and Frank.  
Foremost they are in every prank,  
And if they lose a leg or arm,  
It doesn't do the slightest harm.

There is an apple baby wee,  
A roly-poly boy is he.  
You couldn't make this baby cry  
However long and hard you'd try.  
The apple family's hard to beat —  
In fact, they're good enough to eat!

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## THE TEDDY BEAR'S SURPRISE

THE old Teddy was quite sure that it was his last night. Tomorrow would be the baby's birthday, and the new toys had come. There they all stood in the nursery, waiting for the baby to wake up and find out that he was four years old instead of three.

The grandmother had sent a box of red and green wooden soldiers, and the grandfather had sent a large blue automobile. The uncle had sent a very fine Noah's ark full of animals. The two elderly aunts had sent wool mittens and a tippet, and the young, pretty aunt had sent a little silver loving-cup.

And there stood the new Teddy in the middle of the nursery table. He was snow-white from his toes to his ears, and he wore a large blue bow. You never did see such a spandy Teddy!

The old Teddy was poked off in a corner where he would not be seen. He was not

pretty any longer. He had walked along dusty roads with the baby, and helped him to make mud pies. He had stayed out in the garden rainy nights. He had been used for Indian fights, and his stuffing was gone in spots, and one ear would not stand up.

Of course it was his last night. In the morning they would probably put him in the rag-bag. Poor old Teddy!

Well, the baby woke up in the morning, and had his birthday. He stood the soldiers in a row, and then he pulled a wheel from the automobile. He had his milk from the loving-cup, and he tried on his mittens, and he lost nearly all the Noah's ark animals. Then he looked at the new Teddy, and he began to cry.

"I want my *old* Teddy," the baby cried, "my dear *old* Teddy!"

They brought him the old Teddy, and he hugged it, and he played with it all day long, just as he had before.

Wasn't that a fine surprise for the old Teddy?

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

## THE RAINY DAY

WHEN Margaret is home from school  
It's, "Oh, what shall I do?  
I've dressed my dolls, played all  
the games,  
And read my books quite through" —  
When Margaret's home from school.

When Kitty's home from school, she says,  
"I love a rainy day.  
My dollies need such heaps of things  
I've hardly time to play" —  
When Kitty's home from school.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.



*A SOAP-BUBBLE Party*



## THE GAME OF GOING-TO-BED

SAYS father, when the lamps are lit,  
“Now just five minutes you may sit  
Down-stairs, and then away you go  
To play a little game I know!”

He gives a kiss and pulls a curl.  
“Let’s play you are my little girl,  
And play you jump up on my back,  
And play we run.” And clackity-clack,

We both go laughing up the stair!  
(If I should fuss he’d say, “No fair!”)  
And then he says, “’Night, sleepy-head!”  
It’s fun — the game of going-to-bed.

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.





*Outdoors on Pleasant Days*



## THE PLAYFELLOW WIND

**H**E'S down on the earth with a puff  
and a skim  
From out of the blue,  
A-calling the children to frolic with him.  
Hear! *woo-oo-oo-woo!*

He's clearing the wood and is crossing the  
field,  
For a game, now, I know —  
The kind that is romping and merry and mad,  
Oh! *wo-o-o-ow!*

He'll pelt you with posies from out of the trees,  
And when he is through  
Sweet petals will crumple beneath your bare  
toes,  
Ah! *woo-oo-oo-woo!*

And into the hammock you'll tumble, you two,  
A-swinging to go,

From green bough to green bough, and touch  
as you fly,  
Oh! *wo-o-o-wo!*

He'll tag you ten thousand times round and  
around,  
And race with you too,  
But a tag you'll not get and a race you'll not  
win.  
Hark! *woo-oo-oo-woo!*

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER.

## THE LADY MOON

THERE'S a lady in the moon,  
With a floating gown of white;  
You can see her very soon,  
When mamma turns out the light.

'Tis a lady and she smiles  
Through my narrow window way,  
As she sails on miles and miles,  
Making night as fair as day.  
ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

## THE JOURNEY

**W**HITHER away shall the baby ride?  
How many miles shall he fare?  
Under the trees whose arms spread  
wide,  
Out to the meadow there.

Down by the brook that flows rippling by,  
Bordered by moss and fern.  
From flower and bird and tree and sky  
How many things shall he learn?

Baby'll journey all safe and sound  
Out in the world of green,  
Traveling over the grassy ground,  
Where wild flowers are seen.

Leaves will whisper and birds will trill,  
And all things display their charms,  
And, when he's journeyed as far as he will,  
He'll ride back to mother's arms.

Then, though he thought the green world good,  
He'll gladly come back to rest,  
And will drowsily feel, as a baby should,  
That mother's arms are the best.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

## DAFFYDOWNDILLY

THERE was once a small Daffydown-dilly lady, and she lived in a little house down under the ground, and she was fast, fast asleep.

After a while the spring came. The brook began to sing softly on top of Daffydown-dilly's house. A bluebird twittered, and the grasses opened their little doors and windows and pushed out their little pointed heads. But Daffydowndilly would not wake up.

*Rap-tap, rap-tap-tap!*

"Who is there?" asked Daffydowndilly, in a sleepy little voice.

"It is I — the rain!" said a tiny, tiny voice.  
"*Please* may I come in?"

"No, no," said Daffydowndilly, "I am very much too sleepy."

*Rustle, rustle, rustle!*

"Now who may *that* be?" asked Daffydowndilly, in a very sleepy way.

"It is I — the sunshine," said a gay little voice. "*Please* may I come in?"

"No, no, *no!*" said Daffydowndilly. "I am not up yet."

Then she went to sleep again, but she had not dreamed long when she heard — *Rap, tap, tap! Rap, tap, tap!*

"Who is it *now?*" asked Daffydowndilly, in a very, *very* sleepy way.

"It is the children. Here we are!" cried a chorus of merry voices. "*Please* wake up. We want to see you."

"Well," said Daffydowndilly, "if the children have come, I suppose I really should get up."

She opened her small doors and windows, so the rain and the sunshine could come trooping in. Then she put on her best ruffled yellow petticoat, and she went up to the garden and stood very tall and straight and sweet for the children to see.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.



## THE PINWOOD PEOPLE

WHEN winds are noisy-winged and  
high,  
And crystal-clear the day,  
Down where the forest meets the sky  
The Pinewood People play.

Far off I see them bow, advance,  
Swing partners and retreat,  
As though some slow, old-fashioned dance  
Had claimed their tripping feet.

Or hand to hand they wave, and so,  
With dip and bend and swing,  
Through "tag" and "hide" and "touch and  
go"  
They flutter, frolicking.

But when I run to join the play,  
I find my search is vain.  
Always they see me on the way,  
And change to pines again.

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER.

## JOCKO

THE organ-grinder seems to know  
We children all love Jocko so.  
He comes, and comes, and comes again,  
His funny English is not plain,  
He answers, "Yes," to all we say,  
And he lets Jocko play.


He rests beside the garden gate,  
The silent organ seems to wait,  
And Jocko finds the pennies where  
We hide them with the greatest care,  
And he finds cake and candy, too, —  
He knows just what to do.

I used to want to be a king,  
But now I know a nicer thing.  
I've told the organ-grinder, too,  
Exactly what I mean to do,  
If I can have, when I am grown,  
A Jocko of my own.

Then I shall wander, day by day,  
Where merry little children play,  
And hear them shout as I appear,  
"Oh, come! the organ-grinder's here!"  
And when they all crowd round to see,  
How happy I shall be!

HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES

 ONE day, very early in the morning, grandmother lost her spectacles. They were not in her work-bag, or under the clock on the mantelpiece, or in the darning basket, or in the chintz wall pocket, or in any of the usual places.

Bobby looked everywhere for the spectacles, and then he set about trying to help grandmother. Of course she could not read the paper, so directly after breakfast Bobby sat down on the cricket by grandmother's arm chair, and he spelled all the big word headings in the paper for her, even if he could hear the boys whistling outside for him to come and play.

Then he threaded a great many needles for her, so they would be ready if she wanted them, and he stuck them neatly in her pin-cushion. She could not see to arrange her room, so Bobby dusted the mahogany tables and all the chairs. He gathered up the scraps on the floor, playing that he was a

wild beast hunter, which made it ever so much easier. First he would crouch down and aim his toy gun at a scrap. Then he would pounce upon it and put it in the waste-basket. Some of the scraps he called tigers and some lions, but most of them were bears.

By the time grandmother's room was neat and tidy the sun was shining as bright as gold in the garden. Grandmother wanted to go out for a walk, but she could not see very well to go alone. Bobby said he would go with her, so he took her hand and led her carefully up and down the paths, telling her about things all the way.

"O grandmother dear! There's a double buttercup come up in the very place where it was last year. I was 'most afraid that it might forget, and come up single.

"There's a bluebird's nest in the box on the gate-post. The mother bird doesn't know that I have seen her little ones, but when she was away I just peeped at them once or twice.

"There's such a wide blue sky. Can you see it without your spectacles, grandmother? It looks like the biggest blue bowl in the world."

Presently they went in for lunch, and then in another little while it was bedtime, and Bobby sat in grandmother's lap begging for a story.

"Once upon a time," began grandmother, "there was a very nice little boy. Some people called him Bobby, but that was not his real name. What do you suppose it was?"

"Buster," said Bobby promptly, because that was what his father called him.

"No," said grandmother. "Try again."

"Honey bunch," said Bobby, because his aunts called him that.

"No," said grandmother.


"Little man, Robert, Precious, Junior." Bobby rattled off his names very fast.

"No," said grandmother. "I am afraid that I shall have to tell you, Bobby."

Then she whispered something in Bobby's ear, and it pleased him so that he laughed and laughed and laughed. This was his name — "Grandmother's Spectacles."

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

## OUR LITTLE BROOK

UR little brook just sings and sings  
In such a happy way,  
I'd love to sit beside it  
And listen all the day.

In spring it has a merry sound,  
I know the reason why —  
Because the ice has gone and now  
The brook can see the sky.

It loves to glisten in the sun  
And sparkle in its light.  
I'm sure it loves the silvery moon  
And sings to it at night.

The summer song is not so gay,  
The brook is now quite still,  
With here and there a darling song  
Sung by a tiny rill.

I love to watch the bubbles float,  
I wonder where they go,  
I see the little "skaters"  
All darting to and fro.

When leaves are falling from the trees  
As fast as they can fall,  
I love to sail them in the brook —  
Though there's not room for all.

They sail like little fairy boats  
And start out merrily,  
But sometimes find a stopping place  
Before they reach the sea.

The winter brook is soon with ice  
All covered up with care,  
But I can hear a tiny voice,  
I know the brook is there!

EDITH DUNHAM.



## BARBARA

SHE fluttered down the garden walk,  
She bent above the blossom's rim —  
A little space, her eager face  
Tip-tilted on the brim.

“O lotus-flower, lovely flower!  
You came from over distant seas;  
I'm creeping very near to hear, —  
Tell me about it, please.

“Have you a single thing to say  
Of all that wondrous Egypt-land?  
I'm stooping low, — then say it slow  
That I may understand.”

The lotus trembled through and through,  
Till every creamy, folded bud  
Awaked and heard the flower-word  
They only understood:

“O lotus children, children dear!  
Open your eyes and look and see  
The new, rare flower, the sweet, fair flower  
That's bending over me!”

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

## THE STORY OF THE LITTLE CROOKED TREE

THERE was once a little crooked tree that grew in a wood with a great many other trees, all tall and straight and beautiful. Nobody knew how it came to be so very crooked, with a queer little gnarled trunk, and funny twisted branches, and even its twigs all bent out of shape. Perhaps it was stepped upon when it was just starting to grow, or perhaps some one tried to break it and left it all hurt and wounded.

However it happened, there it stood, a very ugly little tree, and the worst of it was that the little tree knew about its crookedness and was ashamed inside.

The other trees in the wood should have tried to spare its feelings, but they never did at all. From morning until night they rustled and talked together of the wonderful things they could do.

"We build the ships," said the great oaks.

"We are made into rafters and beams for houses," said the pines.

"We sparkle and dance in the children's fireplaces," said the hemlocks.

"We hold the Christmas gifts," said the firs.

And the little crooked tree said nothing at all, for there really was nothing it could do. It only dropped its head and squeezed out some large sappy tears that hardened on the ends of its twigs and made it look uglier than ever.

After a while the oaks were cut down and taken away to the sea and the pines went to the sawmill. The hemlocks burned in the Christmas fires and the firs bore the Christmas toys. And after all that was over, spring came to the wood.

Then the young trees hung up beautiful green curtains and the violets bloomed and everything was very lovely and new. But ah, the little crooked tree! It tried and tried to send out some leaves, but it just could not. Its little crooked trunk bent down lower and lower, and it wished it could die because it was so ashamed.

It really looked as if it were dead when the

Angel came through the wood — the Angel that walks in the spring. She stopped to put her hand on its branches and she stopped to put her ear to its trunk.

“I hear the sap running,” said the Angel. “Poor little patient tree! Just wait a bit.”

So the little crooked tree waited, and before it knew it Easter came, and all the children, to gather flowers in the wood. Such a merry troop, laughing and shouting! But they stopped all at once.

“Look!” they cried. “Was ever anything so beautiful!”

Something had happened to the little crooked tree and it had not noticed at all. From top to root it was covered with, oh, such beautiful pink flowers, and its crookedness did not show any more!

Perhaps the Angel did it. The little tree never knew. Perhaps it was because crooked things always grow pretty if you wait long enough. But the children carefully cut its beautiful branches and twined them about the great pillars in the church, and there was not anybody so happy at Easter as the little crooked tree that had blossomed in pink.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

## THE STAR

WHEN mother shuts the nursery door  
And takes away the light,  
She gently kisses me once more  
And says again, "Good night,"  
And lifts the curtain till I see  
The lamp God lighted up for me.

My little star-lamp is but one  
Of millions in the sky,  
Because each child, when day is done,  
Needs one as much as I;  
So all the boys and girls there are  
Can each one have his lighted star.  
ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

## WINGED THINGS

FATHER loves to watch the bees,  
And mother cares for butterflies,  
And brother likes to see the ants  
That are so good and wise,  
But can you guess what I like best,  
With spotted coat and yellow vest?

They are so little, and so dear,  
They come and sit upon my hand,  
And I say — and they always hear,  
And fly away to their own land —  
*“Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, and your children will  
burn!”*

ANNA SCHÜTZE.

## MY GARDEN

I HAVE a little garden  
All edged with four-o'clocks;  
And some of it is sunflowers,  
And some is hollyhocks.

And all around the border  
I've planted little stones —  
A lot of round beach pebbles —  
To keep out Rover's bones.

And then, as plain as daylight,  
A sign, "Keep off the grass,"  
Warns hens and everybody  
That here they shouldn't pass.

But Rover makes his pantry  
Right in that garden patch;  
And all the hens and chickens  
Think that's the place to scratch.  
ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

## THE CALENDAR OF A COUNTRY CHILD

SUCH splendid things I think and do,  
The whole year round, the long year  
through!

In January are skates and sled  
And blazing fires with birch logs fed.  
In February are swift sleigh-rides,  
And corn to pop and nuts besides.  
With March's lovely, slushy snow  
I build my dikes and dams, you know;  
And April weather, chill and cold,  
Gives me gray catkins soft to hold.  
Blue May is kind to little girls,  
And shakes me dandelion curls;  
And dear June twines white daisy-chains,  
While robins chirp in soft, warm rains.  
In green July I rest so still,  
Where clover carpets all the hill;  
And where the clear brook slips away  
In August days I wade and play;  
And when September's harvests come



I ride on creaking wagons home.  
 October throws me fruit to hold  
 Like bits of sunset, red and gold.  
 I shake and shake the chestnuts down,  
 When all November's woods are brown.  
 And last, December's snows drift white  
 To make me happy Christmas night.

The whole year round, the long year through,  
 Such splendid things I think and do!

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

## FOR THE QUEEN

**K**LIP-KLOP, klip-klop," went a pair of funny wooden shoes over the clean stones of a neat Dutch kitchen floor, and every time the funny wooden shoes said "klip-klop" they carried a sweet little Dutch maiden two steps further in her journey back and forth from the table by the window to the shelf at the other side of the room.

The little Dutch maiden's name was Annetje, and she was busy washing and drying the dishes, and scouring the metal ones till they shone like moons.

Any one watching Annetje would have thought she was having the best time a little girl could have; but really it was hard work and Annetje did not like it a bit. She wanted instead to be out of doors in the beautiful sunshine, where she could run and play with her cousin Gretchen and with a young boy named Jan. It was not any fun to stay inside and to wash and scour many dishes — no, indeed.

At first she stopped many times when she passed the window, to look out over the tulip fields where hundreds of gay blossoms of many colors danced in the breeze. She could see some of her playmates already running along the edge of the canal where the big windmill was whirling its queer arms merrily around in the air. How she wanted to be with the others!

"The work will not be done if one looks idly out of the window," said the wise mother, in words you and I would not understand.

"It takes so long to make bright the plates," replied Annetje, in the same kind of words.

"Yes, indeed," said the wise mother, "but what if the queen herself should come to the home this very day and find the plates badly scoured? What then should we say?"

That was something of which Annetje had not thought. Yes; supposing their beautiful queen should happen to pay them a visit! It never would do not to have the dishes shine.

So Annetje went quickly about her work, rubbing and scouring until all of the dishes were dry and clean, and all of the metal

plates shone so that if the queen had peeped into them she could have seen her fair face easily.

It was not long before the funny wooden shoes went klip-klop very fast out into the sunshine, and little Annetje was happy, for had she not left behind her a row of shining dishes polished as though for the queen? The gay tulips nodded, and the great wind-mill flapped its queer sails, and Annetje ran to play with her cousin Gretchen and with the young boy named Jan.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

## THE MONTH OF MAY

**I**T comes just after April,  
And right before 'tis June;  
And every bird that's singing  
Has this same lovely tune:  
"You needn't ask your mother  
To let you go and play!  
The very breezes whisper,  
'You may! You may! You may!'

"There are no frosts to freeze you,  
And no fierce winds to blow,  
But winds that seem like kisses,  
So soft and sweet and slow.  
The lovely sun is shining  
'Most every single day.  
Of course you may go out, dears —  
It is the month of 'May'!"  
ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

## CLOVER

**T**HE clover is the kindest plant;  
It grows up in the grass  
Or on the dusty roadside brown,  
And greets you as you pass.

It lets the farmer mow it down  
To make the hay complete;  
It lets the bees fly close about  
And take its honey sweet.

It lets us children, passing by,  
Its leaves and flowers pluck;  
And now and then it lets us find  
A four-leaf, just for luck!

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

## MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID

I AM mamma's little housemaid, don't you see?  
They couldn't get along so well if it were not for me;  
For every Friday morning I take my little broom,  
And sweep and sweep the pretty rugs that lie in mamma's room.  
And then I sweep the door-steps off, and do not leave a crumb,  
And wipe the dishes, too, and oh, it is the bestest fun!  
And then, when mamma starts to bake, she says that maybe I  
Can make all by my very self a cunning little pie.  
When I am big enough for school I think I'll like to go,  
But truly I would rather stay at home, you know,  
And help my mamma do the work, and bake a little pie,

For mamma says all little girls, if they would  
only try,  
Can help their mammas very much with  
willing hands and feet,  
By sweeping rugs and door-steps and keeping  
porches neat.  
So I am mamma's housemaid, and she pays  
me with a kiss,  
And papa, when he comes at night, says,  
"Bless me, what is this!  
How bright and clean the rugs do look!"  
And then I laugh and say  
That my little broom and I work for mamma  
every day.

HARRIET CROCKER LEROY.



## THE BEST MEDICINE

**P**AULINE had white cheeks. They had been red, but long ago in summer. It was winter now. Pauline thought her cheeks were always appropriate to the season — red, for summer roses, and white, for winter snows.

Pauline's mother thought white cheeks meant poor health, and mentioned the doctor, but Pauline's grandfather said, "Nonsense! No doctor needed! I prescribe the North Wind."

Pauline laughed at that. "O grandpa!" she cried, "I can't take the North Wind in a spoon!"

Grandpa smiled as he answered, "The best medicine is not given by the spoonful. Put on your coat, hat, mittens, leggings, rubbers, furs, and anything else you happen to have — and take a good big dose of North Wind."

Now Pauline was very fond of staying in the house and reading, curled up in a warm corner, but there was something about grand-

pa's voice that made her put on her things and go outdoors. No sooner had she turned the corner of the house than there was a struggle.

"Ho! ho!" cried North Wind, bouncing round the corner and slapping her in the face.

"Oh! oh!" cried Pauline. "Stop! You play too hard!"

But North Wind would not stop. He pushed Pauline, and whirled her clothes; he pinched her ears and filliped her nose; he blew off her hat, and then tweaked her toes.

"Ho! ho!" he cried. "If it takes a week I'll slap your cheek till it's red as a rose!"

It was very rude of North Wind, and Pauline wanted very much to tell him so, but she had to chase her hat, and hold on to her clothes, and cover her ears, and rub her nose, and dance all the time to warm her toes, so she had no time a speech to compose, while he slapped her face and uttered, "Ho! ho's!" till each of her cheeks was as red as a rose!

"I see," said grandpa, when Pauline went into the house, "you took the North Wind."

"No," said Pauline quickly, "the North Wind took me!"

JOSHUA F. CROWELL.

## IN SUMMER

WHEN all the roads are white with dust,  
And thirsty flowers complain,  
Our little lassie cries, "I must  
Go carry round the rain."

As up and down the garden plots  
With busy feet she treads,  
The pansies and forget-me-nots  
Lift up their drooping heads.

She waters all the lilies tall,  
The fragrant mignonette,  
And hollyhocks beside the wall —  
Not one does she forget.

What wonder that her garden grows  
And blooms, and blooms again,  
When every grateful blossom knows  
Who "carries round the rain!"  
HANNAH G. FERNALD.

## AT NIGHT

**T**HE wind makes music all night long,  
To lull a child to sleep—  
Sometimes it sounds like mother's song,  
Sometimes an organ deep —  
And overhead the stars stand still,  
Like shining, watchful eyes.  
How good God is, to always fill  
The night with sweet surprise!

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

## SUN SHADOWS

WHEN I sit on the orchard lawn,  
The sunlight drifts and passes.  
It looks and laughs and then it's  
gone;  
It brightens all the grasses.

It paints a pattern on my frock  
Of leaves all green and blowing,  
As if the trees against my gown  
Were growing, growing, growing.  
ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.















